



"BE THOU THE FIRST, OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND,—HIS PRAISE IS LOST, WHO STAYS 'TILL ALL COMMEND."

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1803.

*The VILLAGE CURATE; OR, AS YOU LIKE IT.*

A TALE—BY MR. BACON.

[Continued from Page 86.]

"I WILL tell you, sir," said he, "the story of Parson Benley. You must know, sir, that he is the curate of our parish. The living, which is in the gift of my Lord Belfont, belongs to a clergyman who lives in the west; and, though it brings him in good three hundred pounds a-year, he gives his curate only forty pounds out of it. So that, you see, the master gets two hundred and sixty pounds for doing nothing, as one may say; while the servant, who does every thing, is obliged to be contented with scarcely a seventh part of that sum: and though the good woman, his wife, brought him a large family, he could never get any increase of salary. This made him determine on taking a farm, which, by the death of one of his neighbors, became vacant.—But, I don't know how it was, though he worked as hard as any day-laborer in the parish, and his wife was as industrious as a bee, they couldn't, as the saying is, bring both ends together; and, to make short of the matter, my lord's steward seized on his stock, which not being sufficient to pay all arrears, the hard-hearted rascal clapt him into the county jail."

"And his family," asked Trueman, "what are become of them?"

"His wife and four children," returned the landlord, "three fine boys, from ten to thirteen years old, and a daughter grown up, are in a cottage hard by, that belongs to me. The overseer of the parish, who is a crabbed sort of a fellow, and a friend of the steward, was for sending them to the work-house. But, 'No,' says I, 'hold, neighbor Bruin! while my roof can give them shelter, and I can provide them with a meal to eke out the earnings of their own industry'—And you must know, sir," said he, with a significant nod, "I am pretty warm"—they shall never endure the wants and hardships of a prison! For what," says I, "is your work-house but a dungeon, where the poor eat little, and labor hard?"—"But, sir," continued the landlord, "not only I, but the whole village was against their going there;

and the inhabitants all spare a little towards the family's support; nay, even the laboring cottager, out of his hard earnings, throws in his mite!"

"And what," inquired Trueman, "is the amount of the sum for which the unfortunate man is now confined?"

"The whole debt," replied the landlord, "I am told is about three hundred pounds; a sum by much too large for the inhabitants of our parish to raise without injuring themselves; or, depend upon it, he would soon be snatched from the hard gripe of the law."

Every particular which related to this worthy man, Trueman inquired with an earnestness that displayed the philanthropic sentiments of his mind; and intimated not merely a wish, but a fixed determination, to rescue the indigent sufferer from the horrors of a prison, and restore him to his disconsolate family. Impressed with this generous sentiment, he went to bed, meditating on the means by which he might effect his laudable designs, so as to give the least offence possible to the delicacy of suffering virtue, and conceal the hand that loosed the chains of bondage, and gave once more, to the drooping captive, the possession of liberty.

After proposing to himself many plans, he at length determined to walk the next day to a post-town about three miles off, and inclose notes to the amount of Mr. Benley's debt, in a letter to that gentleman. This appeared to him the best method he could devise, as it would leave no traces that might lead to a discovery from whom the merited bounty came. Thus resolved, he yielded to the soft embraces of sleep; and, in the morning, rose to execute his benevolent purpose.

In his return, he saw, at a short distance before him, a female and a little boy. The youth carried a basket, which seemed too heavy for his feeble strength to support. The female had, in each hand, an earthen jug; and, having outwalked her companion, had seated herself on a stile to wait his coming up. Trueman accosted the youth, and offered to assist him in carrying his load, a proposal which the youngster readily accepted; telling him, at the same time, that he

had been to a neighboring farmer for cheese and butter; and that his sister, then waiting for him at the stile, had got two jugs of milk for his brothers' breakfasts, who were at home with his mother. "And what is your name, my little fellow?" said Trueman. "Benley, sir," answered he, "and we live in yonder cottage," pointing to a small house across the meadow.

Trueman, who longed for an introduction to the disconsolate family of the indigent, but worthy curate, was highly gratified with this piece of intelligence.

"Charlotte," said the youth, as they drew near the female, "here is a gentleman that has kindly carried my basket for me; and, as you complain the jugs are too heavy for you, I dare say he will help you too."

"That I will, most readily; and esteem myself obliged in having permission so to do," said Trueman, placing the basket on the ground, and bowing to Miss Benley.

"You are very kind, sir," said Charlotte; "but I am ashamed that Henry should have given you so much trouble: he is an idle boy, or he would not have thus intruded upon your politeness."

"Call it not intrusion," returned Trueman; "the young gentleman asked not my assistance, and my service is voluntary."

The blushing Charlotte accepted, with reluctance, the assistance of the gallant stranger; and permitted him to attend her to her humble dwelling. Trueman, a stranger to the undisguised charms of nature, viewed, with a joy bordering on rapture, the personal accomplishments of his fair companion.—"And, oh!" said he to himself, "should she wear a mind pure and unstained as is her lovely form, she were a treasure worth the proudest monarch's love."

The lovely maid, unconscious of her power to captivate, received with unconcern the compliments which Trueman paid to her beauty; and unimpressed by his gallantry, answered, with polite indifference, every question of the enamoured youth. In fact, the recent misfortunes that had befallen her family, and the gloomy prospect which fear's deluded eye traced in the bosom of futurity, had robbed Miss Benley of a considerable share of that vivacity, which in her happier

days she was wont to possess, and rendered her almost totally indifferent to the converse of her friends, and altogether impatient of society. To this may be attributed the small attention Trueman received to his animated address. With her eyes fixed on the ground, she saw not the man with whom she conversed. Those features, which beauty claimed her own; that form, where grace with elegance was allied, met not the view of the sorrowing Charlotte; and, before he could impress his lovely auditor with a favorable thought, the painful moment arrived when he was to bid her adieu, or suffer the restraint which the presence of her family would lay him under.

Harry Benley, the youth whom Trueman had eased of his burden, had reached home some time before the arrival of his sister. Having informed his mother of the stranger's civility, the good woman walked to the wicket-gate, that formed an entrance to the garden, to welcome her daughter's return; and thanking Trueman for his politeness, invited him to partake of their morning refreshment, which he readily accepted.

"I am sorry," said the venerable matron, "that my means and my inclination to make you welcome, are not in unison with each other; but that which I have to give, I give freely. There was a time—" added she, with a sigh, and stopping to wipe away the tear which reflection urged.

"I have heard of your misfortunes, Madam," interrupted Trueman, "and I sincerely sympathize in your sufferings. But do not," continued he, "yield to despair. The hand which inflicts distress can also bestow happiness; and though the pitiless storm of stern adversity to-day bears hard and heavy on our defenceless roof, to-morrow prosperity's cheering sun may raise our sinking hopes, and repair the ravages of the ruthless blast."

Here the discourse was interrupted by the arrival of breakfast, which Charlotte had prepared. Mrs. Benley, however, could not help noticing the remark and the language of her guest, which she seemed not to expect from a person in the habit of a peasant. Trueman found that he had excited surprise, and as soon as their repast was over, in a few words gave a feigned story of his life, concluding with his intention to reside a few months in the village, and requesting permission to visit them.

Mrs. Benley assured him, that the society of a man possessing such sentiments as he had expressed, would always be to her acceptable; and, with a promise to renew his visit on the morrow, he took his leave. Mrs. Benley, and her lovely daughter, in the meantime, could not avoid making their observations on the strangeness of the visit, and the visitor, while he congratulated himself on the completion of his wish for an introduction to the amiable family.

The voluntary contributions of the surrounding peasantry, that so amply supplied the wants and necessities of Mrs. Benley and her family, were not confined to the narrow limits of this obscure village: the venerable pastor, in the gloomy confines of a prison, tasted of the grateful bounty; and the sorrows of the wretched captive found alleviation in the affectionate concern of his parishioners. Not a week passed, but some one of the village attended the market; and none ever entered the gates of the city, without paying a visit to Mr. Benley.

It was one of those market-days, that Farmer Welford, having disposed of his samples of corn to a purchaser, waited on the good old man. He found him in a small room, remote from the thoughtless herd of debtors, who sought to bury their cares in riot and dissipation, indulging the religious habits of his mind, and pursuing his pious meditations. The sight of any of his parishioners was a cordial to the drooping spirits of Mr. Benley. He received them with undissembled pleasure. His anxieties, his griefs, though not forgotten, were suppressed, while conversing with his friends; but, at the moment of separation, they returned with increased poignancy, and it required the utmost efforts of his mind to support the painful—Adieu!

"Eternal God!" exclaimed the weeping father, "must I no more enjoy the sweets of liberty? Shall I no more behold my humble cot? and must those shrubs, those flowers, which art has taught to twine around my lattice, unfold to some stranger's eye their fragrant blossoms? Must I no more at close of day—the fond partner of my bosom leaning on my arm, the sweet pledges of our mutual love in playful fondness attending on our steps—must I no more, at this sweet hour, along the deepening vale extend my rural walk, attentive to the thrush's song, or the happy milk-maid's artless ditty?—Must I no more, on the brow of some beech-crowned hill, my station take, to view the stately vessel scud before the breeze? or, down the sloping cliff, urge my peaceful way; and, on the sea-shore pensive listen to the lashing waves, and mark the frothy surge's due retreat?—No! these joys are vanished; happiness flies my void embrace; and misery, want and wretchedness, press hard on my declining years. These were the pleasures which faithless fortune once bestowed. How changed the scene! Here, when night her sable mantle o'er the face of heaven begins to spread, nothing is heard but the dismal rattling of chains; doors of massy iron grating on their hinges, appal the timid soul; while horrid oaths, and dreadful imprecations, wound the listening ear.—O Welford! my soul sickens at the scene; and philosophy can scarce shield my mind from the horrors of despair!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## BIOGRAPHY.

### THE EMPRESS MATILDA,

*Mother of King HENRY IV., and Daughter of King HENRY I.*

[From Lord LITTLETON'S History of England.]

"MATILDA, was the greatest lady that Europe had ever seen:—Empress of Germany, by her first marriage; Countess of Anjou, Touraine, and Maine, by her second; and, by the will of her father confirming her claim from hereditary right, Dutchess of Normandy, and Queen of England. Yet she was more truly great in the latter part of her life, when she acted only as a subject under the reign of her son, than at the time when she beheld King Stephen her prisoner, and England at her feet. The violence of her temper, and pride inflamed by success, had then dishonored her character, and made her appear to her friends, as well as to her enemies, unworthy of the dominion to which she was exalted: but from the instructions of adversity, age, and reflection, she learned the virtues she most wanted, moderation and mildness. These joined to the elevation and vigour of her mind, wherein she had always surpassed her sex, enabled her to become a most useful counsellor and minister to her son, in the affairs of his government, which for some time past, had been her sole ambition.

There is not in all history another example of a woman who had possessed such high dignities, and encountered such perils for the sake of maintaining her power, being afterwards content to give it up, and, without forsaking the world, to live quietly in it; neither mixing in cabals against the state, nor aspiring to rule it beyond that limited province, which was particularly assigned to her administration! Such conduct was meritorious in the highest degree, and more than atoned for all the errors of her former behavior."

## AGRICULTURAL.

### THE ANJOU CABBAGE.

THE culture of a very useful vegetable, till very lately unknown in England, has been recently brought to perfection, near Bristol.—It appears richly to merit the attention of our farmers. This is the Anjou Cabbage, perhaps the most useful and profitable of all the plants of that species, which can be raised. The seed was supplied by a French emigrant. It is so tender that it is dressed in three or four minutes boiling. It affords excellent food for cattle, and they feed upon it very greedily; it occasions cows to yield abundance of milk, and at the same time keeps them in flesh. In bulk, rapidity of growth, and for the little culture it requires, it exceeds all other of the *Brassica* species. The stalk acquires the thickness of a man's leg, and it is used, when dry, for fuel.



## A M U S I N G.

## CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENT.

MADAM SPITFIRE, at the sign of the Furies, in Hackle-street, next door to the Cat's Paw Tavern; offers her services to the public, to teach the noble art of *Scolding* and *Quarrelling*, in good or bad humor, in love or spite; by the week, day, hour, minute, or second; early or late; before or after meal: without regard to any person, in Dutch or English:—She has discovered a new way for women to pull the hair and cap of their adversary. *Scolding*, &c. taught in the gentlest manner, to country women as well as town ladies.—Judges and magistrates scolded in the neatest style. She has a very peculiar mode of scolding, adapted to every age and circumstance of life. Married women taught to scold their husbands blind, deaf, and dumb, in six weeks. As a proof of her abilities in this polite acquirement, she scolded eight husbands to death in three years time, and the ninth is far gone. She teaches how to make grimaces or furious faces; how to look sharp and Mary Magdalen like;—sleepy husbands may have their wives taught to scold them awake. She scolded the teeth out of her head the first year she followed this noble business, which renders her incapable of teaching the art of *Biting*; but, on the other hand, she is not afflicted with the tooth-ache, which is a great advantage.—She is well provided with needles and pins, to teach how to scratch faces, arm, hands, eyes, &c. Water changed into vinegar by scolding. Scolding done in the newest and most approved style, in black, blue, red, or any other colour, on the shortest notice.

## NAKED ELBOWS.

A worthy clergyman in Yorkshire, lately deceased, bequeathed in his will, a considerable property to his only daughter, on the subsequent conditions:—First, that she did not enter into the state of matrimony without the consent of his two executors, or their representatives; secondly, that she dressed with greater decency than she had hitherto been accustomed to do. The testator's words are—

"But as my daughter, Ann—, hath not attended to my admonitions respecting the filthy and lewd custom of dressing with naked elbows, my will is, that in case she persists in so gross a violation of female delicacy, the whole of the property devised by me as aforesaid, and intended as a provision for her future life, shall go to the eldest son of my sister Caroline—, and his heirs lawfully begotten. To those who may say this restriction is severe, I answer, that an indecent display of personal habiliments in women, is a certain indication of intellectual depravity.

## SAGACITY OF A DOG.

THERE is a dog at present belonging to a grocer in Edinburgh, who has for some time amused and astonished the people in the neighborhood. A man who goes thro' the streets ringing a bell and selling penny pies, happened one day to treat this dog with a pie. The next time he heard the pie-man's bell, he ran to him with impetuosity, seized him by the coat, and would not suffer him to pass. The pie-man, who understood what the animal wanted, shewed him a penny, and pointed to his master, who stood in the street door, and saw what was going on. The dog immediately supplicated his master by many humble gestures and looks. The master put a penny into the dog's mouth, which he instantly delivered to the pie-man, and received his pie. This traffic between the pie-man, and the grocer's dog, has been daily practised for months past, and still continues. [*Smellie's Philosophy.*]

## M O R A L I S T.

## FOR THE HIVE.

"OH! where shall I find contentment?" is a question daily asked by almost all ranks of men, whether they be rich or poor. The love of novelty or change, in man, induces him to believe, that he cannot enjoy contentment, unless his condition, in life, be ever changing. The miser, who possesses the riches of the world; the poor and the needy, who diligently labor merely for the support of nature, are, alike, pitifully heard to utter the question, "where shall I find contentment?"

The truth is, that contentment is a blessing, which can only be found to flow from the pure fountain of a virtuous mind, and no where else; for let our condition in life be what it may, we are deceived if we seek contentment, by the change of any thing, but our own disposition. If it is elsewhere sought after, our lives are worn out in fruitless efforts, and we thereby multiply the griefs we are striving to remove.

## A WINTER PIECE.

BEHOLD, my son, (says the instructive Rusticus) how the lately gay creation, divested of half its charms, proclaims old Winter's surly reign!—The verdant carpet, graceful to the eye, with the flowery tenants of yon bleak vale, please no longer by their varied hues—the balmy zephyr fans no more the humble waving shrubs—stripped of their green vests, stand the tall murmuring trees, and fright the plummy tribe to more temperate climes—stern boreas whistles o'er the frozen plains—the lately purling rills, now bound in icy bands, cease their merry babbings—Phoebus bestows an oblique and feeble ray, and lowering clouds o'erspread the

frigid skies—while frost, and hail, and flaky snows, successively descend, and silver o'er the ground.

Such, my Ernesto, are the variations of human life.—Nature's carmine tint that once flushed in your aged sire's cheek—the health that sparkled in these eyes—the purple current that swelled these veins, and poured with rapidity through its various conduits—this voice, once soft and musical—the curling ringlets that flowed adown these shoulders—the vigour of this frame, and the vivacity of this disposition: the undermining hand of time hath brought to its present appearance.—And now in their place behold, my furrowed cheek—pale visage—unbraced nerves—feeble crazy joints—hear the unpleasant sound of this age-broken voice—see these silver locks, whitened by the winter of age: and learn the lessons of mortality.—Soon, my dear Ernesto, must I bid adieu to the varying scenes of this shattered world—perhaps another inclement season will bring a period to my short pilgrimage.—But I deprecate not the moment—no, my son, the *spring* and *autumn* of my days, were a happy preparatory for this bleak *winter*.—I will die contented and joyful, knowing that my Redeemer liveth, and that he hath prepared a mansion for my immortal mind, where an eternal youth of unmingled felicity will be my portion.

O then, Ernesto, hear the instructions of an happy experience, and a comfortable old age.—Let youth, the *spring* of your being, be sown with the seeds of virtue—let noble deeds distinguish the period of your existence:—then shall your days glide on with a smooth and shining current, and the *winter* of your life be solaced with reflections on your past conduct, and the heart-cheering anticipation of an happy immortality. Tho' now blooming, gay and vigorous, yet hasty-footed time will soon run o'er your allotted space, and then you must go the way, the oft-trodden way, that your ancestors have passed, and make one among the innumerable inhabitants of the dust.

APHORISM.—Who hides hatred to accomplish revenge, is great, like the prince of hell.—*Lavater.*

## POLEMIC SOCIETY.

THE Members of the LANCASTER POLEMIC SOCIETY, will meet at Mr. McCullough's School Room, in North Queen-street, on Saturday Evening next, at six o'clock; where the following Question will be discussed:—

"Is Civilization more conducive to the general happiness of Man than Barbarism?"

By Order of the Society,

GEO. METZGER, Sec'y.

Lancaster, Nov. 23, 1803.

## POETRY.

## FOR THE HIVE.

MR. M<sup>C</sup>DOWELL,

The following was written in the year one thousand eight hundred. If you think it worthy of a place in 'The Hive,' it is at your service. EDWIN.

## ON ABSENCE FROM HOME.

WHEN shall I flee to that dear land,  
Where all of bliss, that's known below,  
Hastens my flight with beck'ning hand,  
And bids the FLAME more brightly glow.

Oh! that on Eagle's wings I rovd  
O'er stormy sea or desert shore;  
Soon would I fly to those I lov'd,  
Nor heed the dreadful tempest's roar.

The Kamschadale, who lives in snow,  
And he who basks beneath the Line,  
Feel in their breasts those passions glow,  
Which in more polish'd bosoms shine.

Torn from wild nature's rudest scene,  
Where all a savage aspect bore,  
OMAR's mind felt not serene;  
He sigh'd to see his native shore.

What though with Europe's comforts blest,  
In ev'ry Art or Science taught;  
What though by all the great caress'd,  
(Their ev'ry word with kindness fraught.)

Still for his native isle he sigh'd;  
Still sought dear Otaheite's rocks:—  
Oh! give me back, but these, he cry'd,  
I ask not herds nor fleecy flocks.

Once more he plough'd the boisterous deep,  
Again th' expanding sails are spread;  
He soon descries the lofty steep,  
Arising from its coral bed.

His heart o'erflow'd with purest joy,  
Smiling pleasure laugh'd in his eye;  
Rapt'rous thoughts his mind employ,  
Nor was he heard again to sigh. S. D. E.

MR. M<sup>C</sup>DOWELL,

The following Extract, is taken from "The Powers of Genius," by the Rev. Mr. LINN, of Philadelphia. It exhibits a beautiful display of imagery and versification; and, in common with several other passages of the same performance, must give the author a high place in the estimation of every lover of poetry. Your giving it a publication in 'The Hive,' will oblige R. —

WHERE rolls the Forth his wild romantic flood,  
Amid the moor, an humble cottage stood;  
There liv'd an honest pair, whose only joy,  
Went in their child, a simple shepherd boy:—

With fancy, kindled by the breath of fame,  
They gave their son Orlando's sounding name;  
A modest blush and honest heart he had,  
And every village neighbor bless'd the lad;  
Serenely o'er his head had eighteen years.  
Flown unimbitter'd by remorseless tears.—  
He lov'd his pipe, and when the vale was still,  
His strain came sweeten'd from the shady hill;  
Nature he lov'd in all her various forms,  
Her sleeping green, her mountain beat by storms;  
Her winding stream, her ever rolling waves,  
Her cooling shades, her deep and dismal caves.

Thus smil'd his days.—but why the tale prolong?  
He saw fair Anna—Anna 'woke his song;  
Her lovely limbs a snowy vestment bound,  
A silken cincture clasp'd her form around;  
Hung careless on her back, her dusky hair,  
And wav'd in ringlets to the sportive air;  
Her smile awaken'd every hope of love,  
Her modest mildness, would that hope reprove;  
A pensive sorrow shaded o'er her face,  
Admiring nature gave her every grace.  
Orlando lov'd—but all his vows were vain,  
And all the sweetness of his mournful strain.  
An happier shepherd, from the banks of Tay,  
Bow'd to her charms, and bore the maid away.

Orlando mourns—his sun is set in night,  
And fled each hope, and every fond delight;  
A sullen frenzy dims his noble soul,  
In gloomy silence his dark eye-balls roll;  
At dead of night, he wanders o'er the vale,  
And bares his bosom to the chilling gale;  
Among the rocks, he leans, to hear the roar,  
Of billows chafing on the sounding shore.  
Each sound which strikes the village boor with fear,  
Is all the strain, Orlando loves to hear.

One night when howl'd the angry north,  
Alone he wander'd on the banks of Forth;  
Autumn had robb'd the foliage of the trees,  
Their naked branches trembled to the breeze;  
The birds no longer rais'd their billing strains,  
But coming winter chill'd, and hush'd the plains.  
Heedless he rovd, while deeper clouds o'erspread,  
And wilder tempests beat upon his head;  
His frenzy grew amid the ruthless storm;  
His fancy saw his long-lost Anna's form;  
Onward he rush'd—he held the form in view,  
He call'd on Anna—Anna from him flew;  
Often he clasp'd, in hope, the fleeting maid,  
But only clasp'd an unsubstantial shade.

Now up the hill he turn'd his headlong course,  
And laughs convulsive at the tempests force;  
He gains the height, and from the giddy brow,  
Beholds the waves roll sullenly below;  
Nor Anna there rewards his eager sight,  
But darker terrors fill the starless night;  
His dying hopes, are follow'd by despair;  
He calls on death, and breathes his frantic pray'r.  
He murmurs Anna's name, and from the steep,  
Leaps in the bosom of the whelming deep.

## HUMORIST.

ONCE on the festival of St. Stephen, a monk was to deliver a panegyric on the saint, and it being late before he began, the priests, who feared that the preaching might detain them too long, begged him to abridge his discourse. He mounted the pulpit and addressed his auditors. "Brothers, it is one year to-day, since I delivered, before you, a panegyric on the saint, whose festival we celebrate. As I have not heard that he has performed *any thing new since*, I have nothing to add to the encomium, which I then passed upon him."

AN Irishman, who had lately arrived in London, was observing on the rapid increase of vanity in some lines of life—for instance, the *Distiller*, called himself "a Chymist,"—the *Poulterer*, "a Turkey-merchant,"—the *Match-seller*, "a Timber-merchant,"—the *Potatoc-seller*, "a Fruiterer,"—the *Sheriff's Officer*, "an Electrician,"—the *Shoe-black*, "a Jappanner,"—and, the *Saddler*, "an Horse-Milliner."

A certain Deacon, belonging to a church in this state, having had the misfortune to lose his wife, attempted, immediately after his spouse's exit, to "strike up a match" with his maid, whose name was *Patience*.—The priest of the village, coming in a short time after, to console the bereaved husband, told him he must have *patience* to support him in his troubles.—Ah! (said the deacon) I have been trying *her*, but she seems to be rather off.

A gentleman one day insisted on weighing a lady, and to gratify his curiosity, she stepped into the scale; he laid on all the weights he could find handy. Finding there was not an equal balance, he put his foot on the scale, which quickly turned it. The gentleman took this opportunity to tell her, "that sin weighed very heavy." "It is very true, sir," replied the lady, "for one foot weighed me down."

## TERMS OF THE HIVE.

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LANCASTER, (Penn.)

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CHARLES M<sup>C</sup>DOWELL,

AT THE SIGN OF THE 'BEE-HIVE,' A FEW DOORS EAST OF THE LEOPARD TAVERN, IN EAST KING-STREET.